

O, the deuill take such coofeners, God forgive mee,  
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,  
We will stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I haue done I faith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,  
Deliver them vp, without their ransom straight,  
And make the Douglas sonne your onely meane  
For Powers in Scotland, which for diuers reasons  
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd  
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.  
Your sonne in Scotland being thus employed,  
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe  
Of that same noble prelate welbelou'd,  
The Archbishop.

*Hotspur.* Of Yorke, is it not?

*Wor.* True, who beares hard  
His brothers death at Bristow the Lord Scroope:  
I speake not this in estimation,  
As what I thinke might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,  
And onely staves but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hotsp.* I smell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.

*Nor.* Before the game is afoot, thou still letst slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot,  
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,  
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith it is exceedingly well aimd.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,  
To saue our heads, by raising of a head:  
For beare our selues as euen as we can,  
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,  
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.  
And see already, how he doth begin  
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

*Hot.*

*Hot.* He does, he does, wee be reueng'd on him.

*Wor.* Coofen, farewell. No further goe in this,  
Then I by letters shall direct your course  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:  
He steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,  
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,  
Which now we hold at much vncertainie.

*Nor.* Farewel good brother, we shal thrive, I trust.

*Hot.* Vncle adieu: O let the houres be short,  
Till fields, and blowes, and grones applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

*Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand.*

*1 Car.* Heigh ho. An it bee not foure by the day, ile bee  
hangd, Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our  
horse not packt. What Ostler.

*Ost.* Anon, anon.

*1 Car.* I prethee Tom, beat Cuts saddle, put a few flocks in  
the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of all cesse.

*Enter another Carrier.*

*2 Car.* Pease and beanes are as danke here as a dog, and that  
is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this houle is turned  
vp side downe since Robin Ostler died.

*1 Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioied since the price of Oates rose,  
it was the death of him.

*2 Car.* I thinke this be the most villainous house in al London  
road for fleas, I am stung like a Tench.

*1 Car.* Like a Tench? by the Masse there is ne're a king christen  
could be better bit, then I haue bin since the first cocke.

*2 Car.* Why, they will allow vs ne're a lordane, and then we  
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like  
alouch.

*1 Car.* What, Ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

*2 Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger,  
to be deliuered as farre as Charing crosse.

*1 Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quiet starued:  
what Ostler a plague on thee, halt thou neuer an eie in thy  
head: canst not heare, and t'were not as good deepe as drink to  
breake

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